

**am i dreaming, or
are you beaming
out?**

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am i dreaming, or are you beaming out? by honeysuckleLove

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Genre: FOR THIS FANDOM, M/M, Really cute, losers mentioned once, poetic af, tbh this maybe the best thing ive written, underage drinking and smoking

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Summary:

or

'the first time richie says eds vs the 10000th time'

title from bag raiders' "sunlight"

**** i changed the name, previously called mint gum and champagne****

am i dreaming, or are you beaming out?

Author's Note:

this is actually so cute so enjoy. underage drinking and smoking so beware!!!! and be sure to leave a kudo and a comment if you like it

1987

the first time richie says eds it slips off his tongue. they're both two prim little boys (though they're pretending), sitting in silence in the dusk. the partly concealed stars rain down on their close cropped hair. they are both eleven and silence is a friend.

he's only called him eddie before, but times are changing. richie's mother's best friend and confidante is alcohol, and she tells her bottle of jack daniel's her secrets. richie listens from outside the door, not understanding what she means by 'whore' and 'cheater'.

when she leaves, richie takes the bottle and takes a swig, trying to find the solace she finds in it. it doesn't do anything but make him dizzy.

he doesn't think about how it makes him want to touch eddie, because he figures, he always wants to touch eddie.

so, in order to avoid his feelings, richie stomps his little blue sneakers down to the barrens. it's the time of night his mother calls the 'gloaming'. just in between night and day.

just like you and eddie, giggles his tipsy mind. he pushes that thought out of his mind and he absentmindedly scratches his arm. it's getting cold out here, and he's only brought the tee shirt on his back.

he lies on a big rock, sitting a little ditty about the 'gloaming'. despite making his voice sound ridiculous most of the time, he has a great voice.

that's when he almost jumps out of his skin when eddie sits down next to him on the rock.

“whoa eds, you scared me,” he slurs. he’s surprised just one swig of whiskey would affect him that much, but he remembers another word his mother says. lightweight.

“don’t call me that!” screeches eddie, but they both laugh, and the birds scatter from the trees at the sound. it’s the beginning of a long time.

1993

the ten thousandth time richie calls eddie ‘eds’ is when they are both 17. they’ve let their hair grow out, eddie’s in neat spirals and richie’s in a frizzy mess, almost reaching his shoulders. eddie is chewing mint gum richie had shoplifted for him, and richie is taking sips from a bottle of champagne.

“where’d ya get that wine?” asks eddie in that adorable childish way of his. they both have scars, but they’re starting to forget.

“i bought it,” the lie comes out as easily as richie stole it. eddie gives him a stern look, and then laughs. the losers had been with them before on the humid summer night, smoking some cigarettes. richie strongly suspects that bev had brought weed instead. the fumes from her joint must have snuck their way into richie’s lungs, because richie is feeling higher than usual. or it could just be the wine.

either way, richie is feeling great. although he knows he’ll be vomiting up the raspberry flavored bubbles tomorrow, he might even say he could keep it down for one night. crickets chirp in the background. the sky is pink and blue, not exactly the dusky blue of the gloaming of his youth, but he manages.

eddie is mesmerising, popping the mint gum over and over, writing in a little notebook with neat, almost girly handwriting for a boy of 17. the sunlight is shining diamonds through eddie’s hair, and he’s blinking furiously at some thought he’s had. richie know when eddie is thinking, particularly about him.

richie props himself up, only to lean over on eddie’s lap. “whatcha writin’, pretty boy?”

eddie immediately closes his notebook. “none of your business, and don’t call me that,” but richie can see the blush creeping up on his cheek.

richie stands up, surely, if not shakily. he leans down and grabs the smaller boy’s notebook. inside is a poem called “ode to richie”. he sees the word love and that’s all he needs to know.

richie quickly glances the rest over, and tosses it back. “awww, eds, if ya loved me you didn’t have ta write it down!” he sits down again, and then the champagne starts to take over.

he leans up and plants a kiss on eddie’s lips. it’s not richie’s best kiss, and he knows it, but this kiss has been coming for a while now. his teeth smash into eddie’s and he gets a whiff of the mint gum that eddie’s been chewing.

eddie’s face freezes, despite the hot night. “what was that for?”

richie shrugs, and gives him the smile he knows eddie can’t resist.